

2PAC



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

UNTIL THE END OF TIME
ORIGINAL ALBUM

2Pac Lyrics

"Ballad Of A Dead Soulja"

Yeah, ballad of a dead soldier
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
Come play the ballad of a dead soldier

The plan, to take command of the whole family
Though underhanded, to be the man it was planned
All my road dogs, official mob figures
Love to act up, the first to bomb when we rob niggas
I can be lost in my own mind
To be the boss, only thought's: grip on chrome 9's
Niggas get tossed up, war scars, battlefield memories
Swore I saw the devil in my empty glass of Hennessy
Talkin' to a nigga on a tight leash
Screamin' "Fuck the police!" as I ride through the night streets
Little child runnin' wild, towards danger
What's the cause? Don't be alarmed, death to all strangers
Maybe I'm a madman
A pistol grabbin' nigga, unleash the Sandman
Promise a merciless retaliation, nothin' is colder
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]

Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes...

Completely lost, revenge at all costs
Payback's a bitch, switched, now the trick's crossed
Tossed up and never to be heard of
A single witness screamin', "Bloody murder, murder!"
Blast, tell me, homie, what you see now?
A blind man and a dead body, I'm ready to leave town
And get my cash though, hook up with Castro
Homie had to blast on the task force
Stupid coppers tried to play us out, never that
They took my money and my stash; time to get 'em back
Upon my secret arrival
Two glock four-fives, time for survival
Death to my rivals, tell me, what you want, Lord?
Nobody left after the death of a drug lord
The situation's critical
Nothing is colder, than hear the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]

Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

Be a coward, put yo' hands to the moon
When my Glocks rang out, the niggas came out, BOOM!
Who wanna see me in a challenge?
So merciless, I'm terrifyin' niggas in my ballads
Do you feel me? Capo or Capi-tan
One day I'll be the Don; until then, remain strong
My only fear of death is reincarnation
Bustin' at my adversaries like a mental patient
To all my niggas facin' 60 years
Sheddin' tattooed tears, another suicidal on the tier
Takin' private planes, tryin' to survive the game
For all my homies that'll never be alive again
All they promise us is death, nigga
Take a breath, come be the last one left, nigga
It's real now, feel it or fantasize it, ain't nuttin colder
Listen, you can hear it – the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]

Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

This go out to Kato, Mental, all the niggas that passed away
Mutulu, Geronimo, Seyku – all the down-ass riders
All the niggas that put it down, all the soldiers
All the niggas that go through that day-to-day struggle
(This is the ballad of a dead soldier!)

All the niggas that passed on
All the niggas with ambition and money in they heart
All the niggas that want some and that don't take none
Hahaha (It's the ballad of a dead soldier!)

The police are so scared of us
All the feds they aware of us
They wanna see us dead
They got pictures of a nigga head, (Ballad of a dead soldier!)

Tryin' to see me in chains, shit
Them niggas'll never breathe again
Before they put me in a cell, they'll see me in Hell
(Cause it's the ballad of a dead soldier!)

Got my pistols cocked
Run the whole motherfuckin' block; fuck the cops!
The police? We run these streets, nigga

(Ain't heard the ballad of a dead soldier!)
These niggas can't see me, half the world wanna be me
Multi-millionaire; shit, it ain't fair
But nigga, you know – it's the ballad of a dead soldier!

Writer(s): Kenneth Gamble, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory Frenard Hutchison, Johnny Lee Jackson, Leon A. Huff, Rodney Taylor

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck Friendz"

[2Pac:]

Pawhoo hoo hoo hoo
Live from the graveyard
I don't wanna be your man, bitch, (fuck that) what you crazy
I don't wanna be your fuckin' man
You stupid you fuckin' idiot (drunk ho)
I wanna be
Yo let me fuck that nigga down
What's that?
Ay yo what you doin' with that big ass
My ghetto love song (hahaha)
Set it off, set it off
Let's be friends
Where my niggas at
Where my niggas, where my niggas
Where my niggas at, all my real niggas (throw your muthafuckin' hands up)
Where my niggas, where my niggas
Hahahaha yeah (lets go lets go)
Let's be friends (throw ya hands in the air)
There's no need to front (let's see ya just throw ya hands in the air)
Let's be friends...
(Westside in this motherfucker right here, Westside)
(throw ya hands in the air)

[2Pac:]

Approach you and post a minute, arm on my double-R tinted
As you pass bye, winkin' my eye, freshly scented
What's the haps, baby? Come get with me and perhaps, lady
You can help me multiply my stacks, baby
Currency seems small, I need companionship
Through with that scandalous shit, I bet your man ain't shit
So why you hesitatin', actin' like yo' shit don't stink?
Check out my diamonds, bitch, everyone gonna blink
This be a thug thang, Outlaw nigga with riches
Cream dreamin', motherfucker, on a mash for bitches
Check my résumé, sippin' on Cristal and Alize
Smokin' on big weed, keyed the Cali way
Don't like trickin', but I'll buy you a fifth
I can't stand no sneaker-wearin' nappy head bitch
Let my pedigree, read briefly, they're so cheap
Puttin' bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief
Mash on my so-called cum, who the man?
While I'm tuggin' on your main bitch head
Understand this: Ain't no nigga like me, fuck Jay Z!
He broke and I smoke daily, baby, let's be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]

Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? C'mon!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends

(All my niggas, where my hoes at?)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends! (Where the bitches at?
Where the niggas with money? Where you at, baby?)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends (Cash makin' hoes)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]

I met you and I stuttered in passion
Though slightly blinded by that ass
It was hard to keep my dick in my pants
Every time you pass got me checkin' for you
Hardcore, starin' and watchin'
Me and you, one on one, picture countless options
Was it prophecy? Clear as day, visions on top of me
Erotic, psychotic, would possess bubonics
Far from a crush, I wanna bust your guts and touch
everything inside you from my head to my nuts
You got me sweatin' like a fat girl goin' for mine
Just a skinny nigga fuckin' like she stole my mind
Back in time, I recall how she used to be
I guess money and fame made you used to me
What's up in 9-6? Fine tricks in drag
Fuck Dre! Tell that bitch he can kiss my ass!
Back to you, my pretty ass caramel queen
Got my hands on your thighs
Now let me in between as friends

[Singer (2Pac):]

Let's be friends (Westside, motherfucker, right here)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(Westside in this motherfucker)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends (Westside in this motherfucker right here)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(In this motherfucker right here)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]

Can you imagine me in player mode? Rush the tricks
I got her ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch
Was it me or the fame? My dick or the game?
Bet I scream "Westside!" when I came (Westside!)
Scream my name 'cause, baby, it's delicious
Ghetto weak spot for pretty bitches up and down
Similar to switches
My movement, baby, let your back [?] it
Make it fluid, in and out, all around when a nigga do it
You got me high, let me come inside!
I love it when you get on top, baby, let me ride!
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?
Fuck player hatin' niggas, 'cause they cockblock
You probably hate to see a real thug with vision, what's the game?

Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?
Made a livin' out of cuss words, liquor and weed
A bad seed turned good, in this world of G's
Baby got me fantasizin' seein' you naked
It's the fuck song, so check my record, and let's be friends
Where my niggas at? Show me where my niggas at?
Where my bitches at? Thug style!

[Singer (2Pac):]

Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Throw yo' guns in the air!)
Friends... (My ghetto love song!
It goes on and on and on and on)
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Where my niggas at?)
Friends... (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Where my people at? Let's be...)

[2Pac:]

Where my people at? Show me where my people at!
Where my people at? Show me where my people at!
All my niggas now, just my niggas come!
Where my niggas at? Just my niggas now!
Be friends, tell me where my niggas at
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Be friends, tell me where my people at
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Make money, take money, be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]

Let's be friends (Get your cash on! Let's get dough!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(C'mon, get your cash on!)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends (C'mon, get your cash on! Let's get paid!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(C'mon, get your cash on!)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]

Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!

2Pac Lyrics

"Lil' Homies"

Fuckin' lil' homies...
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies
Lil' homies...
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Just pay attention; here's a story 'bout my lil' homies
Straight thuggin', lil' bad young motherfuckers
Gotta love 'em, you could catch him in his G ride, clutchin' his Glock
Screamin', "Outlaw!" (West Side motherfucker!), bustin' on my enemy's block
Educated on these cold streets
Gettin' money, makin' dummies out the police
Ain't no peace, for an adolescent nigga too wild, to be a thinker
Bud smokin' 24/7, everyday drinker
Got my diploma, but I never learned shit in school
Mo' money, mo' bitches, mo' murder, fool!
Always the young niggas gettin' in shit
She wouldn't stop to conversate, so you called her a bitch (biatch!)
Bustin' on paper thin motherfuckers
Drinkin' gin before you get to sinnin' on them busters
Emptied his clip, passed by like he didn't know me
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

I remember, when you was just a lil' G, flirtin' with death
Playin' "Russian Roulette", screamin', "Kill me!"
Hey there, young nigga, what you smokin' on?
Mad at the world 'cause you came from a broken home?
Love the squad, plus your mob is sick
A bunch of adolescent niggas spittin' major shit
Tell me, young nigga, if you die, let me know
Would your heart feel pain, watchin' as your mother cries?
Will all your homies ride?
Or will they all get high, and talk about how you died?
Young niggas on a mission to compete
Gettin' G's, packin' heat, bringin' havoc to the fuckin' streets
Nobody knows why he took a fo'-fo'
And unloaded on the whole front row (BUCK! BUCK!, BUCK BUCK)
Try to tell him, but he act like he don't know me
Pull out his pistol and he show me; my lil' homie

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homie)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

"First 2 Bomb", "16 On Death Row"
Bustin' on them phony motherfuckers
'Cause the big homie said so
Niggas knew I was a nutcase, quick to blast
Livin' underage, but he'll blaze on your bitch-ass
Is there a heaven for a G?
And if it is, will I finally get to be at peace?
On these streets ain't no peace
Shell-shocked souls makin' money off of crack sales, young black male!
Unable to change, 'cause it's a cycle
Plus nobody knows the evil that they might do
Lil' Moo, Big Yak, K. Castro
Big Malcom, Hussein, call 'em Outlawz
Tellin' the world to be equipped
When these young motherfuckers rip shit, they don't quit
Drew down on me, pulled a pound on me
Bust like he didn't know me; my lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash..

Whassup nigga let's do this shit! My lil' homies!
Lil' bad-ass motherfuckin' adolescent niggas! My lil' homies!
What the fuck you niggas wanna do? WHAT NIGGA? My fuckin' lil' homies

Sixteen, fifteen, thirteen, my fuckin' lil' homies
Juvenile delinquents ready to BUST on you motherfuckers
What the fuck you niggas wanna do nigga?!
Nigga take yo' shit on, lil' homies!
We robbin' motherfuckers nigga, Thug Life, Outlawz! West Side!
You know what time it is, my lil' homies!
You know what the fuck you gotta do nigga, Outlawz nigga
My lil' homies..

Thanks to zastrow17 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Let Em Have It"

(feat. SKG)

[2Pac:]

Te quiero
Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer
Te quiero cojer, oh real?
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]

Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak, come on
I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail
Skinny niggas throw the dick well
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up
What's next? - got my mind on some group sex
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya
In and out make it good to ya, remember me?
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes; bellissimo
Que linda, dame beso, come to papi
Fuck until the shit is sloppy, if you really want it

[2Pac + ***:]

[***:] Really want it

[Pac:] Get your ass up; you know it, if you really want it
You really want it, you really want it
If, you really want it, if you really want it
If, you really want it, if you really want it
[***:] Really want it (I really want it)
[Pac:] Really want it

[2Pac:]

Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & SKG:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to

[SKG:]

Daddy rock a player body 'til I tell you to stop
Hit the right spot if not leave money and kick rocks
I'm a thug ho, I need a thug nigga up beside me
A player that can ride me, a cat that can rob me
Make a jazzy ho like me bust a sweat
Hit it from the back, grab me by my neck, demand your respect
I'm not a on my back ho, I ride the dick and hit it 'til it cold
Bustin' fits of nuts, get 'em up
I'm a Sagittarius freak, my real hoes feel me
Legs open wide, nigga dick inside
Like Barry White "Tonight's the Night" for you to hit it doggie style
Lay me on my stomach while I'm countin' them hundreds
Fake bitches wanna front like they don't wanna keep it real
You know you want a thug nigga just to see how it feel
Hoes wanna rock Gabbana, Dolce and Versace
Let me rock your body mouth on my [?] call you Papi

Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]

Yeah, like that? Yeah

[SKG:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I feel you
Do it, do it, do it, do it

[SKG:]

Yeah, uh, c'mon, uh

[2Pac & SKG:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body (see)
Your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock.

[2Pac:]

See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' the nipples
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental
Hands up, all up inside ya, hell I can stand ya
Eyes open I don't plan to bust, just hold on
Baby let me zone in, whaddyou mean?
Can you scream let it go beotch, how does it feel?
Got a nigga like steel in ya, to keep goin'
Now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya, let's go another round
Baby is you down really, two shots of ecstasy
Lick a nigga down silly, your body next to me
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her

Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner
I wanna let me get my ride on
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song, now if you really want it
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, and if you really want it

[SKG:] If you really want it
[Pac:] Yeah, if you really want it

Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches
Definitely all the Scorpios, and the Geminis, and the Virgos
You know I know the truth about you Scorpios and you Virgos
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns
They some freaks too on the down down
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those
Leos, yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks
They always wanna run shit in bed
Sagittarius, Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time
And all down the line, let's get busy

Thanks to shauna_james for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Val Young, Lenton Hutton, Donna Hunter, Helecia Choyce

2Pac Lyrics

"Good Life"

(feat. Big Syke, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]

I was so money orientated, initiated as a thug
Fiendin' for wicked adventures, ambitious as I was
Picture a nigga on the verge of livin' insane
I sold my soul for a chance to kick it and bang
Now tell if I'm wrong
But sayin' "Fuck the world" got you deeper in my songs
Drinkin' 'til I earl, spendin' money 'til it's gone
It's the good life - maybe niggas got it goin' on
Now maybe if I died, and came back, wouldn't have to slang crack
Addicted to the game, so obviously we came strapped
Please forgive me for my wicked ways, fuck a bitch
Bad Boy niggas eat a dick a day, bumpin' this
Lord have mercy it's a slaughter
So wicked that my tracks is wettin' niggas like it's water
I learned my lessons as a thug in these wicked ass hood fights
But I'm a baller now, nigga, I live the good life

[2Pac:]

This is the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust the hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die
See, we live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[Big Syke:]

No one knows what the, future holds, for you
Haha, listen closely
They say reach in yo' heart and you'll find your mind
Every day in the streets, got my foresight blind
My after time is narrow, peepin' down the barrel of a foe
Just a nigga or a killer I don't know so
Who makes the call will I fall a victim like the rest?
Slug in the chest, one in the dome and make sure I'm gone
Send me home all alone in these cold streets
In desperation constantly drinkin' and I can't sleep
Neck deep strugglin' tryin' to survive
Some wanna die I wanna stay alive, eyes on the prize
Let me modify this whole region
I declare this sucker duckin' season, give me the reason
Why I should change, into a softie
.. after livin' so loftily
It cost me my soul out of control in a devil's world
Me, my niggas, and my girl - livin' the good life!

[2Pac:]

We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die
Uh ha, We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[E.D.I.:]

I spend my days and nights not knowin' if, strays in flight
Gon' finally catch me, it's the good life, can you hear me?
Clearly over the edge, soon as I wake up
Last night we off the hook, doin' way too much
But it's the fast lane only, big dealin' big ceilin'
All for the money, some kill some squeal
All for the money, most ain't even real
But we still call 'em homies, now what the fuck is that?
Fake love, fake thugs are, all in the game
I watch 'em all plot and fall while we come up and gain
Outlaw never surrender is the call when you hear us comin'
Bitch nigga get to runnin' 'fore my click get to gunnin'
Still in the midst of all the stress and pain
We still tryin' to get a hold of the game
Livin' that good life

[2Pac:]

We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't, uh
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh
This is the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb bitches that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

2Pac Lyrics

"Letter 2 My Unborn"

To my unborn child...
To my unborn child
In case I don't make it
Just remember, Daddy loves you

Now ever since my birth
I've been cursed, since I'm born to wile
In case I never get to holla at my unborn child
Many things learned in prison, blessed and still livin'
Trying to earn every penny that I'm gettin', I'm reminiscin'
To the beginning of my mission
When I was conceived and came to be in this position
My momma was a Panther: loud single parent, but she proud
When she witnessed baby boy rip a crowd
Went to school, but I dropped out and left the house
'Cause my mama say I'm good for nothing, so I'm out
Since I only got one life to live, God forgive me for my sins
Let me make it and I'll never steal again or deal again
My only friend is my misery
Wanting revenge for the agony they did to me
See, my life ain't promised, but it's sure getting better
Hope you understand my love letter, to my unborn child

[Natasha Walker:]

I'm writing you a letter
This is to my unborn child
Want to let you know I love you
If you didn't know I feel this way
'Cause I think about you every day
I have so much to say

Seems so complicated to escape fate
And you can never understand till we trade places
Tell the world I feel guilty for being anxious
Ain't no way in hell that I could ever be a rapist
It's hard to face this cold world on a good day
When will they let the little kids in the hood play?
I got shot five times, but I'm still breathin'
Living proof there's a God if you need a reason
Can I believe in my own fate?
Will I raise my kids in the right or the wrong way?
Dear Mama, I'm a man now
I wanna make it on my own, not a handout
Make way for a whirlwind prophesized
I wanna go in peace when I got to die
On these cold streets, ain't no love, no mercy and no friends
In case you never see my face again, to my unborn child

[Natasha Walker:]

I'm writing you a letter

This is to my unborn child
Want to let you know I love you
If you didn't know I feel this way
'Cause I think about you every day
I have so much to say

Dear Lord, can you hear me? Tell me what to say
To my unborn seed in case I pass away
Will my child get to feel love?
Or are we all just cursed to be street thugs?
'Cause being black hurts, and even worse if you speak first
Living my life as an Outlaw – what could be worse?
'Cause maybe if I tried to change
Who'm I kidding? I'm a thug 'til I die; I'm a rider, mane
Touch bases, eat lunch in plush places
Regular criminal oasis awaits us
If there's a ghetto for true thugs, I'll see you there
And I'm sorry for not being there
Just know your daddy was a soldier: Me Against the World
Bless the boys and all my little girls
To the Lord: I'm eternal, resting in peace
Please take care of all my seeds, to my unborn child

Please take care of all my kids and my unborn child
To my unborn child...

This letter goes out to my seeds that I might not get to see 'cause of this lifestyle
Just know your daddy loved you
Got nothing but love for you
And all I wanted was for you to have a better life than I had
'Cause I was out there on a 24 hour 365 grind
When you get to be my age, you'll understand
Just know I got love for you
And I'll see you if there's a ghetto in Heaven
If there's a ghetto Heaven, I'll be there waiting for you
Heh heh, take care. Run wild, but be smart
Follow the rules of the game
I know sometimes there's confusion
Rules of the game is gonna get you through it
All day every day
Watch out for these snakes and fakes
Friends come a dime a dozen
Be an individual, work hard
Study, get your mind sharp, trust nobody

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Michael Joe, Jackson Johnny Lee, Higgins Channette M, Higgins Channoah L

2Pac Lyrics

"Breathin'"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?
Tell me, nigga, tell me
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]

Woke up with 50 enemies plottin' my death
All 50 seein' visions of me shot in the chest
Couldn't rest, nah, nigga, I was stressed
Had me creepin' 'round corners, homie, sleepin' in my vest
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block; call the cops
A thug nigga screamin', "Westside!", bustin' double Glockes
Hittin' corners in my Chevy Suburban
Liquor got me drivin' up on the curb
Hand on the steerin' wheel, swervin'
Bless me, Father, I'm a sinner, I'm livin' in hell
Just let me live on the streets
'Cause ain't no peace for me in jail
Gettin' world-wide exposure
With a bunch of niggas that don't give a fuck
Ridin' as my soldiers
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average dealer
Westside, Outlaw; Bad Boy killer
Complete my mission, my competition no longer beefin'
I murdered all them bustas
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[Young Noble:]

Make sure I hold my position, stand firm in the dirt
For all my soldiers gone, we burnin' the Earth
Outlawz, worldwide, we packed the block
Shootin' rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for Pac
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here
Stale down here, too many jails down here
Why you act like you don't hear me? Young Noble
Outlaw 'til these motherfuckers kill me; I'm still breathin'

[Napoleon:]

Now, we was raised, "Fuck this life," my wrongs, my rights
Holdin' on a tight grip, with death in my sight
And the dark is my light, I'm cynical, sleep walkin' as a true
Walk around town, with a pound full of bitter food
Came a long way from my born day
Dead away where there's war play
Fuck friends! I'll say, rather die for my A-K
With these fag ass niggas, see-through-glass ass niggas
Only-ride-my-dick-and-the-skin-of-my-mash ass niggas

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[Kastro:]

I walk around with a knife in my back
Talkin' 'bout a bad day; I live a life like that
It's severe, and I'm losin' my hair, bless a hooligan
Catch me, I'm fallin' out flat, yo, I'm ruined, and
Breathin' in sewer stench, no one give a fuck about me
I learned to like it like that when I was still in Mommy
The side of the city that the Devil run from
In the belly of the beast
That's where the fuck we come from; and still I'm breathin'!

[E.D.I. Mean:]

And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this
Just lost two of my closest na'r, one of y'all can take this
But I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain
We number one, motherfucker, 'bout to do it again
Shit, Pac still doin' it, you hoes can't ruin it
Two million every time he drop, I know you fuckers losin' it
We movin' in, for the kill, for a meal, holdin' steel
Hold the wheel
I'm 'bout to give these niggas something they can feel
Fakin' real, but we the raw and uncut
Style-bitin' thug lyin' niggas, give it up!
We hit 'em up

[E.D.I.:]

And we still breathin' and we still breathin'...

(Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?)

[2Pac:]

Tell 'em! Nigga, tell 'em! (And we still breathin'...)
Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Happy Home"

[2Pac:]

Home man, hey (what's up). Let's turn this house into a happy home
This for all the homeboys that couldn't get they happy home
Let's turn this house into a happy home
Long as one of us got it, some of us got it
Let's turn this house into a happy home
You know how that is, stay down for mine
Outlaw, look

[2Pac:]

Now we've been kickin' it for quite some time
Remained beside me through my trials in this life of crime
We done fought so many times I forgot to count
I never hit you, not a coward, rather leave your house
Remember back in December when we was tight?
Sippin' Alize and Cristal, whylin' every night - in my bedroom!
Promised that I commit to you soon
Tongue-kissed me every time you seen me step inside a room
Straight out the hood
We promised to be good to each other, plus I love you
So I know you gon' make a good mother
Just try to understand if I change in time
It's only 'cause I never owned anything that's mine
So I'm trying you can stay with my momma but keep the drama to a low
Never call the police, I never call you bitch or ho'
We were all born hungry in this world alone
Finally moved out my mom's house, and got a happy home

[Singer (2Pac):]

Happy home.
(let's turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.

[2Pac:]

Born through hard times, ghetto child of mine
I wonder if you have to suffer for your father's crimes
To be honest it's a hard road
Just keep your faith in God, knowin' you'll get scarred though
Look at him walkin' and talkin', a lil' child with my eyes and mouth
Father watch over lil' seeds, help me guide them out
Had to change my whole lifestyle, married my baby's momma
Made her my wife now, I'm tryin' hard y'all
Maybe in time I'll be a better man
Watchin' the older couples, handle it like veterans
Show me the meanin' of forever and together we rise
If it would help our child grow, then together we'd die

Why - question my love, it's so easy to see
Without my family all I'm left with is a shadow of me
After all the arguments, and the nights alone
Now it's time to live the good life, inside a happy home

[Singer (2Pac):]

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(Happy home)

[Singer (2Pac):]

All these problems got me going

We got a family, of our own

I just wanna happy home

(turn this house into a happy home)

No man's made to stand alone

I promise I won't do you wrong

I just want a happy home

(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)

[Singer (2Pac):]

Happy home.

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)

Happy home

(turn this house into a happy home)

Happy home.

(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home).

Happy home.

(Hey, haha, turn this house into a happy home)

(Long as one of us got it, some of us got it)

(Turn this house into a happy home)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wickliffe Dominick, Jackson Johnny Lee, Hubbard Darren Thomas, Big Simon, Rodgers Jimmy
Jawara

2Pac Lyrics

"All Out"

(feat. Outlawz)

[Kastro (Napoleon):]

We goin' all out, we goin' all out

We goin' all out

Watch your motherfuckin' mouth, niggas!

(That's right, fuck these fag niggas!)

Do it, do it, do it!

[2Pac:]

Come hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers

Just another lost soul, stuck, callin' Jehovah

Outlaw 'til it's over, brandish my strap, back like a cobra

I stay drunk, 'cause I'm a mad man whenever sober

On a one-man mission, my ambition's to hold up

The rap game, while I pluck holes in niggas, like donuts

And still down to die for all my soldiers, like hillbillies

They don't fear me, so we feud, bringin' war to the city

With each breath, death before dishonor

Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor

A general in war, I'm the first to bomb

With a squad of trusted killers

Quick to move shit heavily armed

I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question who's sane

Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game

I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me

I take the figure of 30 niggas who all got me

While bitches wonderin' who shot me

No love, keep a grudge, shootin' slugs like Muammar Gaddafi

Murder my friends, build a new posse

We takin' shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga, like Rocky

You got a lot of nerve to play me

Another gay rapper, bustin' caps at Jay Z

(Buck buck buck buck buck!) And still avoid capture

While y'all caught up in the rapture, still after me

I'm in Jamaica, sippin' daiquiris, no doubt

We used to havin' nothin'

Then grabbin' somethin' and bustin'

Wanted to be the thug nigga that my old man wasn't

I can't tour, fear of catchin' cases, litigation

Niggas playa-hatin', got me crooked in all fifty states

I'm screamin', "Death Row!"

Throw my Westside, ain't no thang

We was raised off drive-bys, brought up to bang

We claim mob, M.O.B., if you be specific

We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific

And get this: I'm hard to kill when I peel with this live spot

Father, how the hell did I survive these five shots?

Live it up or give it up, and like demons

Late night, hear them screamin', "We goin' all out!"

[E.D.I.:]

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[Napoleon:]

I'm on my last leg, walkin' through the belly of the beast
Feelin' like I'm all out, drunk as can be
It's plain to see, that we mob niggas hidin' in bushes
Claimin' that they ride rough, but they softer than cushion
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin' in blood
Outlawz, my blood brothers, I'd die for these thugs
Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggas on the West Coast was ridin' with 'Pac, but when he died, they
went pop
I'm out in Jers, to the fullest, like some West Coast love
But after 'Pac stopped rappin', it ain't no West Coast thug
Just West Coast slut
To my real niggas stuck in the street game, 'cause rappers like Jay Z be pumpin' Kool-Aid through they veins
Is it true what I'm sayin'? Slap your soft ass to the floor
And watch my fo'-fo' put peek holes through your door
I ride or die, but these other fag niggas be bitin' this
It's all from my heart when I was writin' this; all out!

[E.D.I.:]

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[Kastro:]

Now, we all ride, and down to die; who with us?
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us
They ain't nothin' but squealers
In this rap game, swearin' they rough
Tattooed up, and now them niggas swearin' they 'Pac
Stop that, and watch your back, we ain't forgot 'bout ya
These Glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out ya
It's me, Kastro with the goattee
Walkin' like a OG, 'cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me
I pray to thug lords, like them motherfuckers holy
Frontline soldier, 'til the Heavens call me
I go all out, and if you real, you real
Feel what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause this game is ill
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'til they feel it
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggas they can't deal with
Holla back, right back, and watch your mouth
Or get blood in it, what; we goin' all out, nigga!

[E.D.I.:]

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[E.D.I.:]

Fool, you better go all out
Keep goin' all out
All my niggas goin' all out
Without a muthafuckin' doubt
Aye, you niggas just gon' think you gon' be uh
Talkin' slick on all of these motherfuckin' records
And we ain't gon' say shit
Now it's 1999, it's a different grind
Don't disrespect the Don
It's still war, motherfuckers
So let's see you act like you know

Writer(s): Amaru Shakur, Craig Venegas

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga"

Niggas fuckin' with the wrong nigga

My seductive introduction be specific
Still elusive, but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it
And I'm still lifted; niggas can't get with Mr. Wicked
Picture me flippin' my adversaries, gettin' the dick swiftly
Niggas is swingin' wild, but they styles miss me
You can bring that bitch, but your whole click will still get treated shitty
Business never personal
I'm up before the sun come up, I'm tired
Just a ghetto star, a drop top double-R is what I'm ridin'
Nigga, if you was half the man your bitch was
Bring yo' artillery when you come for me, 'cause we sick thugs
No hesitation when I pull and blast, 'cause Syke was bustin'
Plus, Bo had 'em duckin', screamin', "Get they cash!"
So now I got the law on me
My phone's tapped So I had to send word through my lil' homies
Tell them niggas this the year when they pull the trigger
Shit, this is what you get, for fuckin' with the wrong nigga

This is what you get
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Hehehehe, yeah, nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray and thank the Lord
For givin' me another fruitful day
I wanna be a peaceful, man, but still when niggas come for me
All I can see is gettin' 'em killed
For real, it's how I feel
Reflect my thoughts, flowin' on these reels
Make my enemies deal with my steel; they caps peeled
We still cool, but you played yourself
Give him the MAC and make him spray hisself, hey
Fallin' legends clutchin' chrome three-five-seven
Puttin' two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in Heaven
Why call in shots? Nobody really as clear as me
Ain't tryin' to help the feds get a case for conspiracy
Murder, my foes get disposed of
We all homies to the death, so my true niggas show me love
God, forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure
But why they fuckin' with the wrong nigga
You know?

It's like, why you fuckin' with the wrong nigga?

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers
Learned my mathematics skills from real drug dealers
Tried to rise, but they tried me
I guess they all had to die, 'cause we tried peace
I die in these streets

Blast 'til they recognize
Still do or die, all my niggas gettin' high, watchin' time fly
Best strategize on the way to profit
Best organize how you ride, so they can't stop it
Then keep it poppin', lot of busters wanna see me fall
I fucked your bitch, and now this new shit, gon', fade 'em all
My niggas ball, made a call for some back-up
For lil' homies and my dogs in the black truck
"Buck buck" was the sound as they gats burst
No need for ambulance, baby, bring the black hearse
Should've never fucked around, buster
How you figure makin' moves on the wrong nigga

It's what it sounds like, ding ding ding.
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Niggas gettin' hit, when they fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Fuckin' with the wrong nigga

Thanks to Deadeye11w, jdrzblazza1 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tyrone J. Wrice, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug N U Thug N Me (Remix)"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]

Ay come on JoJo ('Pac, hahaha)
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]

By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same
Walked in my daddy's shoes
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools
That's 'til I put my eyes on you
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on
Tell me lady how you like me
and if you want it harder baby, come and bite me
but do it lightly; cause that excites me to let it pop
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night
Only got fucked by a drug dealer
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Moan baby when we bone it's on
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum
I got ya head swingin'
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone
Left you on yo' own girl
Tell me what you feel like
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right
Maybe it's the thug in me
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by
Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you

Now open up and let me put the thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Say baby what's your phone number?
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump
Tell me, how long will it take to cum
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all
When you call me the next day
to get sexed by a nigga in the best way
Yeah baby it's a price to pay
Only play in the fast lane
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came
I gotcha goin' wild, cause I'm lovin' you
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you and you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl

[Singing:]

Gotta be a thug in ya (thug in me)
A little bit of thug in me, a little bit of thug in ya
A little bit of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me

I gotta be some thug in ya
Can you feel it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Do you want it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, feel like some thug in ya

[Collision over singing:]

I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?
It's the thug in me
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish
That thug passion, y'knahmean?
Bitch, no mercy
What you scared of? Didn't you come over here to get fucked?
You ain't come over here for me to be
Strokin', and all that bullshit
You came over here to get fucked
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

2Pac Lyrics

"Everything They Owe"

(feat. Timothy)

[2Pac]

Imagine if we could go back
Actually talk to the motherfuckers that persevered (hehehe)
I mean the first motherfuckers that came in the slave ships
(Hey, excuse me, excuse me) Y'know? (Look)

[2Pac]

We back for everything you owe, no longer oppressed
Cause now we overthrow those that placed us in this rotten mess
But let's agree on strategy and pick out enemies right
Who stands accused of the abuse my own, kind do right
Pardon, not disregardin' what you thinkin' but you must abandon ship
Cause once I rip your whole shit is sinkin'
Supreme ideology, you claim to hold
Claimin' that we all drug dealers with empty souls
That used to tempt me to roll, commit to violence
In the midst of an act of war, witnesses left silent
Shatter, black talon style, thoughts I throw
It remains in your brain then of course it grows
Maybe, even your babies can produce and rise
Picture a life where black babies can survive past five
But we must have hope, quotin' the reverend from the pulpit
Refuse to turn the other cheek we must defeat the evil culprit
Lace me with words of destruction and I'll explode
But supply me with the will to survive, and watch the world grow
This ain't bout talkin' 'bout problems, I bring solutions
Where's the restitution, stipulated through the constitution
You violated, now I'm back to haunt your nights
Listen to the screams, of the lives you sacrificed
And in case you don't know, ghetto born black seeds still grow
We comin' back, for everything you owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

[2Pac]

How do you plead Mr. Shakur, how do you plead?
How do I plead?
Yes sir, how do you plead?
Shit, you know how I plead
C'mon!
Psssh

[2Pac]

Not guilty on the grounds of insanity it was them or me
Bustin' at my innocent family, say they lookin' for ki's

I was home alone, blind to the prelude
Bust in, talkin' bout, "Where is the quaaludes?" What you say fool?
Where in the hell is the search warrant?
No feedback is what he uttered, before he screamed "Nigga motherfucker"
Dropped me to my knees, I proceed to bleed
Sufferin' a rain of blows to my hands and knees
Will I survive, is God watchin'?
I grab his gat and bust in self-defense, my only option
God damn!
Now they got me goin' to the county jail
And my family can't pay this outrageous bail
Try to offer me a deal, they told me if I squeal
Move me, and my people, to a mansion in Brazil
Not me, so this is how it ends, no friends
I'll be stressed and they just, repossessed my Benz
Told the judge it was self-defense, he won't listen
So I'm bumpin' this in federal prison, givin' everything I owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'
I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Until The End Of Time"

(feat. RL (Next))

[2Pac:]

Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die
And even though we both came from the same places
The money and the fame made us all change places
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask
For currency, but you could run to me when you need
And I'll never leave, honestly
Someone to believe in, as you can see
It's a small thing to a true, what could I do?
Real homies help you get through
And come to know he'd do the same thing if he could
'Cause in the hood, true homies make you feel good
And half the times we be actin' up, call the cops
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block
It never stops, when my mama ask me will I change
I tell her "Yeah," but it's clear
I'll always be the same; until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]

So take these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]

Please, Lord, forgive me for my life of sin
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids
So you know, I don't hang around the house much
This all night money making got me outta touch
Shit, ain't flashed a smile in a long while
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto child
My attitude got me walking solo
Ride out alone in my lo-lo
Watching the whole world move in slow-mo
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean
Smoking 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'
Who can I trust in this cold world?
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl
But I ain't trippin', I'm a player, I ain't sweatin' him
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican
His next of kin, no remorse, it was meant to happen
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'
Until the end of time...

[R.L. Huggar:]

So take these broken wings

I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]

Now who's to say if I was right or wrong
To live my life as an outlaw all along?
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters
They conversate, but Death Row full of demonstrators
And in the end, drinking Hennessy
Made all my enemies envy me
So cold when I flow, eliminatin' easily
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)
When I conceive closer to achieve
In times of danger, don't freeze, time to be a G
Follow my lead, I'll supply everything you need
An ounce of game and the training to make a g
Remember me as an outcast Outlaw
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more
Getting raw 'til the day I see my casket, buried as a G
While the whole world remembers me, until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]

So take these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

Thanks to Femcee Evil, weezy, bugmee, zain, kklizzle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Page Richard James, George Steven Park, Jackson Johnny Lee, Lang John Ross

2Pac Lyrics

"Big Syke Interlude"

(feat. Big Syke)

[Big Syke:]

Thug life, microphone check
Outlaw microphone check
Where you bitch niggas coming from?
You don't know, look like you a seed
From Makaveli The Don

I can hear your style, sounds like Makaveli The Don
2Pac, my nigga
So much trouble in the world nigga
These niggas can't feel your pain
Thug life, outlaw forever
Oh you bitch niggas

The hardest nigga
Ever to touch this microphone
Got you bitch niggas trailin' his tail
I don't know if you catch up, but yet and still
Keep trying nigga, keep trying nigga
Thug life, Outlaw forever nigga
Eternity, infinity
So remember Makaveli The Don
His thug life lives on

Writer(s): Big Simon Says, Tyruss Himes

2Pac Lyrics

"My Closest Roaddogz"

(feat. Timothy, Shiro)

Here me and my closest road dogs
To my dog named Mussolini (you know it dog)
Big Syke (Westside)
Thug Life, baby (outlaw)
The return of the mashers, you know how we do it
Hahaha!

Shit half the times we fought and caused trouble
My closest road dog it was cool cause I love you
Fuck what they talkin' bout
Let me take you back in time, rewind to eighty-nine
Introduced me to this life of crime, but we was blind
Little nappy-haired juveniles, livin' wild
No smiles on our faces, thirteen catchin' cases
Indeed, it was misery
Driven by my own demons, cause they was killin' me
How can I be sure I'll be saved soon?
Catch me dip into the light, of a stray moon
It's gettin' deeper now, let me get yo' mind right
Fuck yo' enemies, nigga grip yo' nine tight, tonight's the night
Murder murder Mr. Lucifer
Pictures of the devil DUCK when he shoot at cha, it's all political
Runnin' from the future, escapin' in the fog
Live yo' life like a hog nigga, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(me and my closest road dog)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Haha.. bring artillery and ROLL with a nigga
They could never take the soul of a M.O.B. soldier nigga
Cowards get rolled up, mob on 'em Makaveli
Boy you's a boss player, that's what all the bitches tell me
Even if I died now
I live my life eternally and never lie down, why cry now?
Fooled a few but never 'came a gamer
Ain't tryin' to hear it
Evil spirits hide at total strangers, yo' life's in danger
Prepare nigga be aware, cause we ain't scared
M.O.B., 'til I die, when we ride niggas disappear
Fill 'em up with pistol smoke
Never forget to blow a hole in his head
For leakin' information to the feds

The burnin' bed was the tellin' sign
Two hired guns bustin' everyone, yellin' everybody die
Why the fuck they fuck around, we left 'em in the fog
Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Fuck they feelings, that's what they get for squealin'
That's the pressures of a gangsta, dangerous this drug dealin'
See me in physical form, my niggas swarm
Take the figure of a circle beatin' jealous niggas 'til they purple
Simon Says take they heads homies
and send them phony motherfuckers to dwell with all they dead homies
Fishin' for fake niggas, observe and shake niggas
The only way to see six figures, is break niggas
Me and Mussolini set to ride we high
Big Bogart got the alibi, homicide ask us why
Labeled a Capo in the mob as big as the globe
To live and die as a millionaire, on ..
Set to explode, my M.O., is kill them hoes
My pistol's like a disease, my enemies and foes
Get murdered and disposed of, we in the fog
Makaveli the Don, and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(my closest road dogz)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, (my closest road dogz)
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine
Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

2Pac Lyrics

"Niggaz Nature Remix"

(feat. Lil' Mo)

[Lil' Mo:]

2Pac and Lil' Mo, hmm, how gangsta is that?
Hehe... ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh

*[*Mo keeps harmonizing in the background*]*

[2Pac:]

One two to a nigga nature, haha.
No need to cry now, go wipe your tears, be a woman
Why you actin' surprised? You saw the bullshit
Comin' fake hair, fake nails, fake eyes too
So why you, bound to fuck wit fake guys too
Ain't nothin' hard about it why you lookin' sad? Shoulda though about it
Say you learned, I truly doubt it
I guess you got a problem with affection, kinda loose with the love
Gettin' freaky with the thug niggas up in the club
Ask to buy you a drink, you holla Dom Pérignon
Knowin' I'm a cash getter still I, remain calm
Let you chill with me; plus you was smilin' 'til the bill miss me
That's what you get for tryin' to dick me
Missed me with that "Buy me this, buy me that" syndrome shit
Bitch get a job if you wanna be rich
Gettin' mad cause I cursed and I scream I hate'cha
Introduced you to a nigga nature, feel me?

[Lil' Mo:]

Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature

[2Pac:]

I'm probably too nice at first, I let you kiss me where it hurts
Me and you gettin' busy, slingin' dick in the dirt
Met you at a pool party it was cool to kick it
See us, tounge-kissin', you was truly with it
Little ecstasy, Hennessy, mix with me
Picture me pay for pussy when the dick's for free
Hey now, where my niggas at? Tell these hoes
Before I pay; I jerk off, word to Moses
Visions of you sittin' there sweaty and wet
Pointin' to the places that you want me to hit
Give me room all up in the womb, call the cops
Nigga, hittin' walls 'til them bastard drop
Label me Makaveli - thug nigga with bite

Livin' life like a rock star's Friday night
Make money, get pussy, always keep a pager
Cell phone in the ride to complete my nature now!

[Lil' Mo:]

Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature

[2Pac:]

Haha, started as a seed from the semen; straight outta papa's nuts
Lustin' for creamin' - bitches with big butts
Curves make a nigga cry, tits and shit
When I'm locked down beggin' you for porno flicks
Sneak weed in, help a nigga pass the time
Put my name tattooed so that ass is mine
Tell everybody; 'Pac put it down for good
A local legend through the whole hood, follow me
I got a gun on me, goin' for none on the run baby
You know a nigga need some, is my son crazy?
Why I cry, when I be thuggin' 'til I die
Picture a nigga in heaven, high off weed I fly
Got me missin' dead homies wishin' phonies would die
Hit the weed and hope it get me high; dear God
Understand my ways, livin' major
Blessed with a thug's heart and a real live nigga nature

[Lil' Mo:]

Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (hey, just be a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)

[2Pac & Lil' Mo:]

It ain't my fault
Hehe, Q.D., where you be? Ah
Don't blame me blame my momma, a nigga nature

[Lil' Mo harmonizing:]

QDIII, and Lil' Mo
2Pac, puttin' it down fo' sho' ("cause that's a nigga nature")
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
Cause that's a thug nature
Though sometimes I can deal with it
I realize, I'm feelin' it
Love and hate, relationship
Cause that's a thug's nature ("cause that's a nigga nature")
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah.
Yeah yeah, and that's a thug's nature

Where you at? Holla

2Pac Lyrics

"When Thugz Cry"

When thugs cry
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my guns to keep
If I die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
Got us dyin'
When thugs cry, times is hard

Born thuggin', and lovin' the way I came up
Big money clutchin', bustin' while evadin' cocaine busts
My pulse rushin', semi clutchin' into insanity
They shot at my cousin, now we bustin' at they whole family
The coppers wanna see me buried, I ain't worried
I got a line on the D.A. 'cause I'm fuckin' his secretary
I black out and start cussin', bust 'em and touch 'em all
They panic, and bitches duckin', I rush 'em and fuck 'em all
I'll probably be an old man before I understand
Why I have to live my life with pistols close at hand
Kidnapped my homie's sister, cut her face up bad
They even raped her, so we blazed they pad
Automatic shots rang out, on every block
They puttin' hits out on politicians, even cops
I ain't lyin', they got me sleepin' with my infrared beams
And in my dreams I hear motherfuckers screamin'
What is the meanin' when thugs cry?

[Singer (2Pac):]

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God (when thugs cry)
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Maybe my addiction to friction got me buggin'
Where is the love?, never quit my ambition to thug
Ain't shed a tear since the old school years of elementary
Niggas I used to love, enclosed in Penitentiaries
But still, homie, keep it real, how does it feel
To lose your life, over something that you did as a kid?
You all alone, no communication, block on the phone
Don't get along with your pop, and plus your moms is gone
Where did we go wrong? I put my soul in the song
To help us grow in time, but now our minds are gone
We went from brothers and sisters to niggas and bitches
We went from welfare livin' to worldwide riches
But somethin' changed in this dirty game, everything's strange
Lost all my homies over cocaine, mayne
See, they ask me if I shed a tear, I ain't lie
See, you gotta get high or die, 'cause even thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

And all I see is these paranoid bitches, illegal adventures
Bustin' motherfuckers with uppercuts, I leave 'em with dentures
'Cause in my criminal mind, nobody violates the Don
I write your name wit' a piece of paper, now your family's gone
Why perpetrate like you can handle my team?
So merciless in my attack I take command of your dreams
Leavin' motherfuckers drownin' in they own blood
Clownin', takin' pictures later
Laugh 'bout them punk bitches that turned snitches
Regulate my area, the terror I represent
Makin' your people disappear, you wonderin' where they went
Am I cold, or is it just I sold my soul?
Addicted to these streets, never find true peace I'm told
Come take my body, God, don't let me suffer any longer!
Smoke a pound of marijuana, so I know it ain't long
Where is the end to all my misery, is there a close?
I suppose that's why I murder my foes; when thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

I shed tattooed tears for years
For my dead homeboys and my prison peers
Y'all ain't never heard my cries
Now you wonder why would you die?

Thanks to deathrow2, babiegurlsthugin for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Peyton Jewell

2Pac Lyrics

"U Don't Have 2 Worry"

[2Pac:]

Yo c'mon man, what do you mean you don't wanna ride with me, nigga
C'mon, get in the car, get in the fuckin' car, man
Yo why you trippin' man? Get in the fuckin' car, man
Get in the fuckin' car, get in the car
(Heh, say you, you scared to ride in my car
'Cause you, you think niggas gon' be blastin' at it
It ain't even that deep baby)

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one clique, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes

[2Pac:]

Repetitive blows are thrown, to my foes
No love shown get disposed of blasted full blown
My unknown tendencies to mash my comp
Gettin' wicked with my ski-mask, find the stash and dump
While niggas run I'm the last one standin', the rest die
Victims of my lethal chrome cannon, Westside
Though it's worldwide no one can deny my views
Tracked it to my very fabric once the plastic blew
Five shots changed my whole life, throats were slit
Niggas die by my orders when I wrote this shit
Though we go back like wild knights at Latin Quarters
Niggas tried to kill me, and I fed their wife and their daughters
Blazed the weed, draped they seeds, gave 'em cash
Pass the fame and let the game go rollin' past
Why you change, it's a cold world taught me life
Retaliation proves niggas never caught me right
Say they shot me in my nuts, out of luck
Quit bullshit nigga 'cause I'm still fuckin' yo' bitch
Niggas got me twisted in a bad way, why you change?
Fuck with me, all this shit pay, nigga fuck the fame

[Young Noble:]

Y'all remember "Hit 'Em Up," don't make us do it once more
Yo' niggas know, you ain't fuckin' with them Out-lawz
We keep souljas, souljas from Compton to Brooklyn
Your the type to get sniped, when the cops is lookin'
Don't nobody give a fuck 'cause you done crossed the game
Lost in fame, and you should take, all the blame
You made yo' bed nigga lay in it
You scared to come up out that cell nigga stay in it
It's not a game only got one click we Outlawz from the do'
Dirt stains when I buck on the fo', you kissin' the flo'
We dirty as the motherfuckin' streetz of Jerz
We sweep niggas with the words though the heat's preferred

Holla

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes, let the punks know

[E.D.I.:]

'Pac I wish I was in the motherfuckin' car wit'cha
I'd have took every bullet that they threw, hand of God, nigga
I only got one click, Outlawz 'til I'm gone
Heavy in the game and we comin' for they fuckin' throne
The love is gone well it is what it is
And plottin' on us, they best be prayin' for they kids, mayne
You don't have to worry 'cause I ride for ya
Like K said over loyal we even tell 'bout a lie for ya
You put me in the game and dog I owe it all to ya
And when it get to poppin' I'ma fuckin' ball for ya
And everything I do gon' have your names on it
I'll never let them forget I put my seeds on it

[Napoleon:]

You gon' die before yo' time, come face the truth
In the middle of the desert nigga lace your boots
As a youth, hundred proof, tap my chest is a dead rest
You studio niggas still remind your vest
Why the fuck you ain't done yet, swallow yo' teeth
In the field you woulda been need a straw when you eat
Fuck a glock nine that shit is weak on the streets
And if you can't strategize then you just can't eat
If your life in another nigga hand, you dead
And if it's beef and your man disappear then don't sweat it
Another fake nigga usin' my strengths to get credit
I mean you might face sound scared but your heartbeat said it

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

[Kastro:]

I was born ugly, unlucky and dusty
But now I'm a rider, connivin' gutsy
And I don't trust nobody, so don't nobody trust me
And that's how I'ma go about it 'til somebody bust me
I play for keeps like the OG's raised me
If I sleep I won't eat, who gonna feed my baby?
And I think I'm goin' crazy 'cause my hair is gettin' thinner
I've been drinkin' on the daily, I can hardly remember
I got - bad nerves, paranoia destroyed me
I love the Lord but the church can't cure me
I sleep light, I wake peekin' out my window
With guns under my mattress and guns under the pillow
And that's the way it's gonna be 'til they bury me

But don't twist it 'cause none of y'all niggas worry me

[Young Noble & Kastro:]

What the fuck you didn't know?

Kizza-Kastro, Young Noble with the criminal flow

You nervous nelly ass niggas belly up in the river, no dizoubt

My niggas couldn't fade me with some clippers

You put it down, look all around, 'til we find you we hound

Penitentiary bound, to remind you

[Kadafi:]

Kadafi I bring the lingo to the click

Tasty like a Pringle, sneakin' through your chimney like Kris Kringle

On some shit, get me fee to let my ice click Ka-pling, ka-plow I been a thug shootin' slugs since a child

[2Pac:]

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now

Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now

Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row

Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Snoopy, Fula Yafeu A,
Hunter Donna T

2Pac Lyrics

"This Ain't Livin"

(feat. Vanessa)

This ain't livin', nigga!

[2Pac:]

I hear even the smaller G's be dippin' Chevy Impalas
While flossin' their gold D's, O.G.'s, is who they follow
We swallow tomorrow's seed, what we leave is hollow
We feed violence and greed, let 'em lead tomorrow
In time, they grip a nine, sippin' wine, they rap
Still I be starin', watch the parents sacrifice their child
The love's gone, a thug's home, with no love
Feelin' so strong, make young boys into drug dealers
Now one for adolescents, now dos for those
Keep your friends by your side, even close your foes
Now three for Johnny Law tryin' to take my chips
I never pulled the trigger, didn't touch that bitch
Throw your hands in the air, it's a robbery
(censored) 'Pac, would you ride with me?
Let's go see what our enemies talkin' 'bout
When G's enter the house nobody's walkin' out
This ain't livin', it's similar to prison, we're trapped
My homies jealous plus they tell us that the phones is tapped
I watch my back twenty-fo' seven
And never let a busta send a G to ghetto heaven, you know
This is how it goes when we floss with flows
Before I toss your ho, it'll cost you mo'
I do shows, make a lot of dough, murder my foes
But I'd give it all up, if it would help you grow
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa (2Pac):]

Takes a life to make a life, takes a life
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life
(This ain't livin')
Can't find a better way to break through
(This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do)
(This ain't livin')
Takes a life to make a life, takes a life
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

[2Pac:]

Peep it – gunfire is produced at alarmin' rates
Today's youth, quick to shoot, get in the car and break
"It Takes a Nation of Millions" if we intend to stop the killin'
Just search your feelings, participatin' should be appealin'
They're our seeds and when they bleed, we bleed
That's what becomes of lonely children, they turn to G's
Heavenly father can you rescue

My young nation, rest the Lord will protect you, respect due
Not a threat as I step in blue, and check those
That oppose when I froze them fools
And who are you, to watch me fall farther?
I disappeared, reappeared as the (censored)
Follow me now
Skippin' class, and livin' fast, will get your ass
Stuck in the Pen', doin' life plus ten
Young brother pump your brakes for me
Before you choke, won't you soak up some game from your big homie
This ain't livin', we givin' you jewels, use 'em as tools
Explode on they industry and fade them fools
You know the rules, gotta be a rider
You can run the red lights but read the street signs, hey
This for all of y'all that keep on raisin' hell
Put a pistol in your hand and let you fade yourself
It ain't right, what you put your momma through, young G
Gotta change your life, take the game from me
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa:]

Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

Writer(s): T. Shakur, J. Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Why U Turn On Me"

[2Pac:]

(Ol' switcheroo-ass, bitch made motherfuckers, just be friends)
Outlaw nigga, Westside, throw it up
Hahaha.. had love for 'em, but why you turning on me?
Why me? Westside, how you do it boy?

[2Pac:]

I went from, nothin' to somethin' now they all wanna see me fall
And the player haters hate to see a thug nigga ballin'
And they say we hate the East coast, but that's funny
Got a lot of love for, any niggas gettin' money
I made a song about my enemies and niggas tripped
It was hip-hop until 2Pac fucked Biggie bitch
Y'all niggas hypocrites and bitch made
Now either love me or hate me but real thug niggas get paid
Have me catchin' cases all across the nation
I went from jail to bail to barely on probation
They got a player facin' three strikes
And we might, just blast God bless the child, that can get cash
But all these niggas turnin' and never learn
Got a long line of niggas player hatin' me but gettin' burned
Talk a lot of shit but you's a trick in drag
Like the MAC make you fall back and stick yo' ass for back stab

[Singers & 2Pac:]

Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee (yeah nigga)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[2Pac:]

It, started so innocent, but ended in the fifth precinct
Although two juvenile delinquents, we still decent
Playin' catch and kiss, used to diss the herbs
Fuck school we was skippin' drink a fifth on the curb
Me and you, no closer two, while drinkin' brew
What you need nigga? Anything at all come to me nigga
You can wear my clothes and my gold for the hoes
Gave you the keys to the jeep, offered my home as an open door
But then you picked a new direction, in the blink of an eye
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die?
I never got a single visit yet I carry on
All my old friends too busy now my money gone
Said I got raped in jail, picture that? [*laughter*]
Revenge is a payback bitch, get your gat
Fuck Wendy Williams and I pray you choke

On the next dick down your throat
For turnin' on me

[Singers & 2Pac:]

Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[2Pac:]

I put Jenny Craig on your fat ass, you fat troll
Anybody ever seen Wendy Williams fat ass?
Why you always wearin' Spandex you fat bitch?
I know your pussy stinks, you fat ho
I'm puttin' Jenny Craig on you bitch
I'm about to put a twenty-thousand dollar, hit
Through Jenny Craig to come find yo' ass
And put you in a fat farm, you fat bitch!
Thug Life, Outlaw, Westside bitch
It's 2Pac so you know who said it
And for everybody who didn't like what I said about that other trick
And Mobb Deep, fuck you too nigga!
If a nigga didn't want to get talked about
He shouldn'ta stepped in the fuckin' ring
If Tyson don't want to get knocked out
He don't step in the fuckin' ring, that's how the shit go
When Tyson get in the ring, he knock motherfuckers out!
Well that's what 2Pac gon' do
When niggas come against me, I'ma knock they punk ass out!
One way or the motherfuckin' other
This old motherfuckin' nigga in the South told me nigga
It's more than one way to skin a cat
It's more than one way to shoot a gat
It's more than one way to die nigga
When I'm through, everybody cry nigga
This is how we do it

[Singers & 2Pac:]

Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G..
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G
(Fuck you too nigga!)

2Pac Lyrics

"LastOnesLeft"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Nigga, westside!
Westside in this motherfucker
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]

Can't nobody stop us when we blunted up and swervin'
Packed in a Suburban
Screaming, "Outlaw!", runnin' on the curb
They never try me, 'cause right behind me a killer team
I get the word, cut the head off a nigga, like a guillotine
This Hennessy will keep me calm though
Sittin' in the back of the club, tradin' convo
Livin' like a Don in my own mind
Signal Kadafi, nigga, watch me with the chrome 9
All the time drinkin' champagne
Walk through the crowd, let the tramps hang
Niggas player hate but do a damn thing
Picture me doin' 80, down a one-way
Stuck in the trunk, caught with gun play
So I gotta keep my eyes open
Gettin' high, wonder why we gotta die smokin'
My alibi, addictively
Like them other vile men, I'm marked for death
Spendin' my nights like it's the last one left; I'm an outlaw

[2Pac:]

Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
I'm the last one left
Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Guess I'm the last one left

[Napoleon:]

I got my back against the wall, gat chillin' by my balls
Prior to war is a rider nigga that's only 5'6" tall
Napoleon only knows on we Outlaws, fuck fear
Better strap down to the fullest, 'cause we outchea
Thug passion all up in me, feelin' like I took some Henny
It ain't easy, I'm tryin' to make a dollar out of two pennies
What we got is rep, nigga, wanna pull their gat, nigga
He's only got my side 'cause they think 'Pac died, nigga
Blast niggas with our TEC's, takin' showers in our vest

'Pac, come and catch weight, nigga, we the last ones left

[2Pac:]

If we would've known the zone inside my own dome
Fresh outta jail, it was hell, but I'm finally home
Lookin' for niggas that was woofin' that shit
When I was locked back
Hands on the pump, make 'em jump when it cocked back
Fuck 'em all, they're bitches inside a world of weak
Bitch niggas be afraid to speak; we the last ones left

[2Pac:]

Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Like I'm the last one left
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Like I'm the last one left

[Kastro:]

I eat and sleep the worst shit, turfs and birth
Me and my team super supreme, puttin' in work
I'm passed out, drunk as a fuck, 'til it hurt
And I call Earl screaming, "Fuck the world!"
I got a bitch on the side wanna be my wife
And wifey beefin', wanna know if she gon' see me tonight
And I know it ain't right, but it's the life I got
And that's until I see Yak, and that's until I see 'Pac
Young know I lost a troll, somebody owed me down
And if the world was a girl
I'd stick my dick in the ground; fuck the world!

[2Pac:]

Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker...
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here
Outlawz in this motherfucker
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker...
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker
In this motherfucker right here...

Thanks to BigBaller295, simsd@washington.navy.mil, nottinmatterz_2day for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Malcolm Greenidge, Mutah W. Beale, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug N U Thug N Me"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]

Put me in that; ay come on JoJo ('Pac hahaha)
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]

By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same
Walked in my daddy's shoes
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools
That's 'til I put my eyes on you
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on
Tell me lady how you like me
And if you want it harder baby, come and bite me
But do it lightly
Cause that excites me to lay the pipe
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night
Only got fucked by a drug dealer
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me
I got a lot of thug in me, lot of thug (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it
I got a lot of thug in me. Do you want it (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Moan baby when we bone it's on
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum
I got ya head swingin'
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone
Left you on yo' own girl
Tell me what you feel like
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right
Maybe it's the thug in me
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by

Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you
Now open up and let me put the thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me), lot of thug
That I wanna put in you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it
I got a lot of thug in me, do you want it
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]

Say baby what's your phone number?
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump
Tell me, how long will it take to cum
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all
When you call me the next day
To get sexed by a nigga in the best way
Yeah baby it's a price to pay
Only play in the fast lane
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came
I gotcha goin' wild, 'cause I'm lovin' you
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]

A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in me)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl

*[*Sound of girl fucking*]*

Oh yeah! Like me! Yeah, look at me baby, yeah, yeah
Like me! You do.

I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me

C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
I gotta be some thug in ya
Can you feel it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[2Pac:]

I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?
It's the thug in me
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish
That thug passion, y'knahmean?
Bitch, no mercy
What you scared of?
Didn't you come over here to get fucked? (no)
You ain't come over here for me to be
Strokin', and all that bullshit
You came over here to get fucked (no)
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

2Pac Lyrics

"Words 2 My First Born"

(feat. Above the Law)

[2Pac:]

Hehehe, yeah
These are my words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]

Can you picture young niggas in a rush to grow?
'Til hard-timers in the pen' had to crush his throat
Probably never even saw it comin'
Too busy bullshittin', caught him with his mouth runnin'
Ain't this a bitch? They got me twisted in this game
The feds and the punk police pointin' pistols at my brain
I wonder if I'm wrong 'cause I'm thugged out
My homies murdered execution style runnin' in the drug house
What was supposed to be a easy hit
Now shit is flipped, 'cause niggas died over bullshit
It's not my dream, I'm seein' pictures of a broken man
No witnesses only the questions of who smoked the man
Young adolescents in our prime live a life of crime
Though it ain't logical, we hobble through these tryin' times
Livin' blind—Lord, help me with my troubled soul
Why all my homies had to die 'fore they got to grow?
And right before I put my head on the pillow, say a prayer
One love to the thugs in Heaven, I'll see you there
It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't warned
Help you make it through the storm
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]

My words to my firstborn
My words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]

Since my very first day on this earth, I was cursed
So, I knew that the birth of a child would make my life worse
And though it hurt me, there was no distortion
'Cause wild seeds can't grow, we need more abortions
Quiet your soul, 'cause you know what you had to do
And so did victims of a world they never came to
I understand it's a better day comin', sometimes cats be sleepin' on the dead end, drivin' with the car runnin'
Blinded, ain't no love in the hood, only hearts torn
Love letters to the innocent and unborn
All the babies that died up on the table
Wasn't able to breathe, 'cause the family wasn't able
Can't blame her, I would do the same
All I could give her was my debt and my last name
'Cause in the game things change, livin' up and down
This hard life got me walkin' with my head down
Flashin' frowns wasn't meant to be, was I wrong?
But I'll never get to know, so I carry on

It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]

My words to my firstborn
Mmm! (Yeah)
These are the words to my firstborn
Hey, nigga, talk to your born!
Talk to your seed, nigga!

[Above the Law:]

Two thousand somethin' somethin' mention a new era
A nigga's too real, now see shit too clear
See, there's more than just this scrilla and this tilt
(What else is it, dawg?) – the velvet and the silk
And makin' sure my kittens got they milk
(Hoo!) Gotta fill this mattress
Let my kids know I'm at this
Attack this, the Mack must roll, hood stroll
Ain't no question, is it? Above the Law hustlers
If it's related to chips, homie, we'll handle ya

Yo, although we never take advantage
Though we always into ery'thang
By all means, stack green, gangsta lean
They say money make the world go 'round
So, only associate yourself
With paper chasers and niggas that's truly down
And keep God first

And give thanks for the good times, as well as when it hurts
It's player haters every corner you hit
Touchin' their tits, hella thick, tryin' to get you for yo' grip
I know you stressed-out and fed-up
But come out, gun-blazin', and keep yo' head up
You can call it what you want to, but it ain't gon' change
Above the Law, 2Pac, O.G.'s in this rap game
And we done lived a long hard life
And we done shed so many tears under these bright lights
Y'all, although we grew up corrupted and scorned
We still got a lot of wisdom to give to our firstborn

[2Pac:]

What you gon' tell your kids, nigga?
Who was you? What was you doin'?
How did you put it down?
These my words to my motherfuckin' firstborn
So, they can know, y'knahmean? Hehehe
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' rider
Westside 'til I die, that's all it was
It's a crooked-ass hand they deal a motherfucker
I just played to win, just played to win
Motherfucker gotta bet against the odds, y'knahmean?

2Pac Lyrics

"Let Em Have It Remix"

(feat. Left Eye)

[2Pac:]

Te quiero
Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer
Te quiero cojer, oh real?
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]

Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak
Come on, I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail
Skinny niggas throw the dick well
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up
What's next? Got my mind on some group sex
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya
Even now make it good to ya, remember me?
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes
Bellisimo, que linda, dame un beso, come to Papi
Fuck until the shit is sloppy
If you really want it

[2Pac & Left Eye:]

If you really want it
Get'cha ass up; you know it, if you really want it
If you really want it
If you really want it, if you really want it
I'm really want it.
Let her have it

[2Pac:]

Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & Left Eye:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body

[Left Eye:]

Do you, you remember the time
When you absolutely, said never let it inside
Feel it's my duty, from Gemini, to Gemini
Can you [?] imagine the trouble [?] then double, I'm much obliged
See I would love to go and take a ride
Have total leeway up and down your freeway, nothing to hide
If I was committed to suicide
I'd fuck around meet you now put it down, I'd testify
Ain't nobody here to understand the reason why
It's you and I, so everything is rectified
I know you tried, you even made a nigga cry
But love is blind, now can you stand the test of time?
Redefine, what it means to be an open mind
Feel the climax.
I bust a round for you, painted the perfect picture
I'm down for you, can't wait to get wit'cha

Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]

Damn

IF you really want it

You like that? Yeah

If you really want it

[Left Eye:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]

Don't hold back. I wanna do that

Yeah, yeah, I feel you

[2Pac:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body

[2Pac:]

See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' yo' nipples
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental
Hands up, all up inside ya
Hell I can stand ya
Eyes open I don't plan, to bust
Just hold on baby let me zone in
What do you mean? Can you scream let it go biotch
How does it feel? Got a nigga like steel in ya
To keep goin' now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya
Let's go another round baby is you down really
Two shots of ecstasy Lick a nigga down silly

Your body next to me
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her
Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner
I wanna let me get my ride on
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song
If you really want it

[2Pac:]

Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches
Definitely all the Scorpios, and the Geminis, and the Virgos
You know I know the truth about you Scorpios and you Virgos
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns
They some freaks too on the down down
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those
Leos (if you really want it), yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks
They always wanna run shit in bed
Sagittarius(if you really want it), Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks (if you really want it)
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time
And all day long, let's get busy

[2Pac & Left Eye:]

Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body.

Writer(s): Helicia Choyce, Val Young, Donna T. Hunter, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lenton Tereill Hutton

2Pac Lyrics

"Runnin' On E"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (Hussein Fatal):]

(Mr. If you a bad boy)

Yo, what's up

The police comin' on, oh shit! Get out of there.

Fatal, Outlawz I wanna up out this motherfucker

Gon' pass it

Ain't get me up but fuck that

This Outlaw nigga

[2Pac:]

If you a bad boy then you die

Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high

They fucked up when the rob me

Put another contract on Mobb Deep

If you a bad boy then you die

Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high

They fucked up when the rob me

Put another contract on Mobb Deep

[Hussein Fatal:]

I focus my locus thought on the enemies

Sip off the Hennessy, it's necessary to finish me

I'm antisocial immortal, when it comes to the phone book

Jersey them niggas down, they won't broke 'em 'til it's time to smoke 'em

Hussein the terrorist

Dig they think I'm crazy and [?]

And as we speak they tryin' to find me a therapist

Rapid fire I clap and hire 'til you die a liar

Strap in the city corners droppin' on to spin the tires

My man define ya 357 anaconda

This enough to bring your mama then turn around and hear the drama

Military camaraderie, outlaw 'til they body me

Havoc I gotta have it steady blastin' at Prodigy

Mobb 6 feet deep, you try to bust me 'til death

And I suppose you got the dopest moves like Chucky on fresh

You know the verdict, who what when why he died murdered

Get your physical diverted and your vision deserted

[2Pac:]

Now ever since momma got fucked and papa ducked out

Look at us, murderous thugs showin' less love in the drug house

Similar to savages, it's a wonder we manage

Bring chaos causin' damage on our quest for cabbage

They ask my style similar to cash we flaunt it

Most wanted by the population murdered you for it

Exploit your weakness revenge flow deep without release

Criminal orders across the waters bringin' the war to the streets

Why fear me, fear the shit I speak

Once this shit drop it's heard on every fuckin' street

Like the sound of police
Who run the streets really?
In every hood legends grow
From the hustlaz up at Harlem to shot callers in O'
And though, Congress, don't want us to progress, we strapped
My homie buried at an early age hustled to death
His last breath, a lesson I possess like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin'

Hey where that nigga

[Yaki Kadafi:]

Halfway thugs don't budge when we stalk the streets
Sort of like [?] and narcotics when they walk the beat
You speak the beef pussy draw down and drop it
Hit you with 6 shots lay the law down and throw the shells in my pocket
Gettin' mines with nine cocked extortin'
Blocks pop with 22's in my socks with the butt hangin' out the chocolate
You never seen time I travel across dream crime
My rolls like a million dollar bills folded with green slime
With my foes erased drink my Henney straight no chasin'
Catch my body like Haitian 5 minutes from the station

[Young Noble:]

Hit the hole like Allen Iverson with confidence
No finger prints don't mean no evidence or proof the I was present
At the scene of the crime around 10 niggas bleed
After they made this punk fag motherfucker bleed
Money was bloody as shit, y'all niggas shoulda seen it
Bust a cap and freak with, bowin' on your knees shit
The Glock to your head nigga, don't make no somethin' action
Hit innocent by-standers when he blasted, dump fuckin' backwards
Little homies puttin' work for stripes
But is it worth your life and g-rides runnin' red lights
I wish somebody would have told me then
Since I'm an outlaw like Napoleon ain't no cell they can hold me in
Or cage me in, crazy like Arabians
Hold this spot like them niggas on Fabian
Havin' the fiend page me (page me)
When they want the product, nigga I got to smoke
Got this weed and the coke what you need what you want
What you workin' with? I'm on some immortal shit
Outlawz we straight hurtin' shit, use artillery to murder with
Put on the block gangsta party and like 'Pac
Life's hard from the ox me and my niggas on top (party)

[2Pac:]

I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E

[Nuttso:]

With my Glock, quick to let it pop, fuck the law
Carry steel cause I live on the nigga side of the law
Ridin' foes 'cause I can't let hoes catch me slippin'
Quick to blow and dispose if you block on hittin'
Ridin' high, blazin', kryptonite got a nigga dazin'
Burpin' and smurkin' got on enemies before I grave 'em
Ride 'em, look behind him, I see him, he slipped
Had to stop light in a slowly night, this motherfuckin' trick
Slide over so I can dump and put it in em
Damn, I guess this motherfucker know that I sent it
Hit the pedal now we high speedin'
With the metal tryin' to make these motherfuckers die speedin'
Up the way I seen him slow down
Shit! I think I done bucked these hoes down
Caught them runnin' on e it kind of funny to me
They know they was fuckin' with me but they dumb to see

[2Pac:]

Open up fire watch 'em expire when my shells split 'em
Plus all them trick niggas basically can go to hell with 'em
Fuck 'em they phony claimin' they homies but they foes
Speakin' on thug niggas daily, while we nailin' they hoes
Explode boldly at my stage shows and formation
Words are known to spray blaze as I raise my thug nation
A crooked thought, cops get bought, no longer caught
Out on bail, raised in hell, nigga fuck what you thought
Did you cry when my girl died?
Put out the hit, politic niggas worldwide, grabbin' my dick
I'll never learn, take away the pain with sherm
Throwin' gas on my enemies watchin' 'em burn
Kamikaze, I'm shootin' up the casket take the body
Whip the corpse like a piñata and party
His last breath, a straight lesson I possess like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin'
Runnin' on E.
Stay thugged out keep it movin'
Runnin' on E

[2Pac talking:]

One time, one time for the niggas that stayed down for us
Runnin' on E
Smif-n-Wessun the Cocoa Brovaz, Buckshot, BDI, runnin' on E
The Bootcamp Click
What happened, that was it?

2Pac Lyrics

"When I Get Free"

[Prison Guard:] Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor
Right there, star three

[Girl:] Hi baby

[Prisoner:] What's up honey?

[Girl:] Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

[Prisoner:] Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

[Girl:] I made those deposits

[Prisoner:] Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

[Girl:] Yeah I got it

[Prisoner:] Alright see that guard over there?

[Girl:] Mmm-hmm

[Prisoner:] When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

[Girl:] Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

[Prisoner:] What?

[Girl:] Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

[Prisoner:] Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

[Girl:] She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

[Prisoner:] Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

[Guard:] C'mon c'mon this shit's over with
[Commotion breaks out]

[Guard:] C'mon boy, back to your cell

[Girl:] I'm not done talking to him

[Guard:] Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

[Prisoner:] Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

[Guard:] Yeah yeah fool, what?

[Prisoner:] Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka

[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit
I still remember my momma told me
Find the cop who killed your brother
Send him to Hell lookin' homely
Cause a real nigga love the law
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time
Concentrate on gettin' green time
And as the years go by, they forgot
About the small time soldier from the block, huh
To kill the crook they threw the book at me
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts
Did push-ups until I swole up
And then they offer me a furlough
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'
They asked me if I changed much
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut
They started askin' me questions about my brother
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm
Wait a minute, hold up
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him
He went home to find a tragedy
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me
And anybody else that wanna sweat me
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me
You better pray they never see me
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, T. Anderson, B. Evens, Ricardo Darcel Rouse

2Pac Lyrics

"Until The End Of Time Remix"

(feat. Richard Page)

[2Pac:]

Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die
And even though we both came from the same places
The money and the fame made us all change places
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask for currency
But you could run to me when you need and I'll never leave
Honestly, someone to believe in, as you can see
It's a small thang to a true, what could I do?
Real homies help you get through
And come to know he'd do the same thang if he could
Cause in the hood true homies make you feel good
And half the times we be actin' up call the cops
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block
It never stops, when my mama ask me, "Will I change?"
I tell her yea, but it's clear I'll always be the same
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]

So take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

[2Pac:]

Please Lord forgive me for my life of sin
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids
So you know, I don't hang around the house much
This all night money makin' got me outta touch, shit
Ain't flashed a smile in a long while
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto child
My attitude got me walkin' solo, ride out alone in my lo-lo
Watchin' the whole world move in slow-mo
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean
Smokin' 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'
Who can I trust in this cold world?
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl
But I ain't trippin' I'm a player I ain't sweatin' him
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican
His next of kin, no remorse it was meant to happen
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]

Take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)

So I can fly, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

[Richard Page:]

Take, these broken wings
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free
(Until the end of time)
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

[2Pac:]

Now who's to say if I was right or wrong?
To live my life as an Outlaw all along
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters
They conversate but Death Row full of demonstrators
And in the end drinkin' Hennessy made all my enemies envy me
So cold when I flow eliminatin' easily
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)
When I conceive closer to achieve
In times of danger don't freeze, time to be a G
Follow my lead I'll supply everything you need
An ounce of game and the trainin' to make a G
Remember me, as an outcast Outlaw
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more
Gettin' raw 'til the day I see my casket
Buried as a G while the whole world remembers me
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]

Take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly, 'til the end of time

[Richard Page:]

Take, these broken wings
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free
(Until the end of time)
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time
'Til the end of...

[2Pac:]

I don't know what it is that got me actin' all crazy out here
Guess it's just my environment, how you people be treatin'
(Until the end of time)
Shit, I'll be back in a while?
Ain't no mystery, you get what you give, feel me?
When it comes I'll be like, I can't tell you what?
Maybe it's the thug in me